AN ARMY WIFE

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XIV But Grafton had graver work ahead, and it was close at hand. Punctilious soldier that he was, he would leave no loophole for the possible criticism of superior. Hurriedly writing a few lines to Colonel Buxton notifying him that the wagon bringing Merriam was now close to the garrison, and that, as arranged between them, he would meet it at the gate, he sent the note by his servant and hastened up the row to the angle formed by the south and west fronts, where an opening had been left in the fence for the convenience of riding parties; and it was through this gap that poor Randy was presently trundled and then down along the line to his own doorway. By this time the pain in his strained and stiffened leg was intense, while the arm, hurriedly but skillfully dressed when far afield, was troubling him but little. His · one thought all the way had been for Florence. He had insisted on scribbling her a little note before they reached the | to know was, had she any reason what-Santa Clara, just to tell her he was all right; that there was nothing to worry about, and all he needed was a few days of her nursing. The doctor gave it to one of the men and gravely bade him ride ahead and give it to Mrs. Merriam, and the trooper had duly handed it in at

young mistress. And now as they neared the familiar spot, poor Randy would sit up. It would never do to come before her eyes prostrated as though sorely hurt. Anything oftener on mischief, and on the pretext to spare her needless shock and worry. of trading they came recklessly as far He even essayed a semi-jocular "How are you, old man?" as he caught sight of Grafton, and tried a smile and a wave of his hand to the ladies who appeared on the southernmost porch of the infant-

the door, where Hop Ling received it

with his customary grin, and stowed it

parlor where notes and cards had gen-

erally been displayed for the eyes of the

"Why, you look as though you'd had worse tussel than I, captain," he laughed painfully, as he held out his hand, "How is Florence? It hasn't frightened her much, has it? I hope Mrs. Hayne's been with her."

"She's been a good deal troubled, of course," answered Grafton, gravely, "but -but Mrs. Hayne is-bringing her round all right, I think. How are you, old man?

You did have a ride." But now Randy was peering out along the row-their own row. Women were to be seen here and there along the gazing sympathetically toward the slowly moving party, but no feminine form was visible on the piazza of his little home.

"Better lie back, Mr. Merriam," urged the doctor, "Try to make him do so." he murmured to Grafton, "We've got to get him quiet in his room before we let him know anything." Already the anxious young physician had been told that, Mrs. Merriam was probably fifty miles away, and his soul was rung at the thought of what that would mean to

Yes, lie down, Randy, till we get you indoors," urged Grafton. "We've had to put up a game on Mrs. Randy-(God orgive me the lie," he prayed). Knowng how anxious you were and we were lest she should be shocked, we—kept her away. Mrs. Havne and Dr. Gould are ooking out for her. She's not to be alowed to come near you till we get you safe and sund and bathed and all fixed up in bed. Of course, we know now, Randy-we didn't before, but Mrs. Hayne had to tell my wife how careful we have to be of her-now, and really, old boy, she oughtn't to see you till you're washed and dressed. You look ough, Randy.

And though the face he longed to see as they bore him up the steps was miles and miles away, Merriam stifled his own intment and bravely thanked them. "God bless you and Mrs. Grafton, That was indeed thoughtful of you, old boy," he gasped, for pain was wrenching aim, and he gave a long, long sigh of relief when at last be was lifted from the stretcher to a bed in the spare room. But that sigh was a faint whisper as

compared with the long, long breath that Grafton drew, as he sat him down in the adjoining room and mopped his stream-

Colonel Buxton and others-all the officers, almost-felt bound to come to the | mounting was in full blast. Summoning use between stables and retreat, just to see how Randy was getting on, but the answer was the same to one and all. No one was to be admitted, for the doctor was "trying to get him to sleep.

And surely enough, bathed, refreshed, his arm set and dressed, Randy soon found himself stowed away in a soft, white bed, but oh, so weak and drowsy after all the labor of the chase and the ong, long day of racking pain. They were to bring Florence to him now, his wife, his darling, impatiently waiting for the summons, as he thought her, at Mrs. | blast. The blockade then was broken. Hayne's, and he was stretching out his The first train was coming in from arms to her-his one available arm, Cimarron. Dressing with greater haste rather, and fondly murmuring her name, when the weary eyelids closed and, numb and impotent, he drifted away into deep, "There," said the doctor, at last, "he'll

"Aye," murmured Grafton, "but what

will the waking be if there's no Florence here to-morrow. That was an anxious night at Sedgwick. Merriam slept like the dead, and twice the young doctor feared it might ders and tripped briskly up the gravel be necessary to rouse him, thinking that walk. "Still sleeping," said the doctor, perhaps he had sent that tiny shot of dermic syringe with too heavy a charge. But so long as Randy was ignorant of his wife's mad escapade he would have slept through sheer exhaustion and weariness, and his physician need not have troubled himself. Twice Grafton tiptoed in, and the hospital attendant arose at his coming and reported | northwest, hoping for the coming of

that the patient had not stirred. Over at Grafton's quarters, however, they had to deal with a less tractable creature. Fanny McLane had roused from her swoon and was nervously, excitably, irritably wide awake, demanding actually to be allowed to see Mr. Merriam. Even Annette was sent out of the room and Mrs. Grafton had her friend the Catamount with the tiding of her and guest to herself, and her tears and peril, and his men, in wide dispersed prayers, her reproaches and imprecafell on hardened ears. Mrs. Graf-

"It is mad folly to talk of such a thing, Fanny," she replied to every assault. "Mr. Merriam is far too severely injured to see anybody, much less you, who would importune him for your own selfsh purposes. Captain Grafton says the doctor has forbidden him to everybody, and he knows. In the morning Captain Grafton will see him for you, if

the doctor will permit." Whereat the widow only stormed the more and declared, with hysteric tears, that they were keeping her away from Randy Merriam out of spite and hatred ust at the most critical time. "He'll die, he'li die," she cried, "and carry my one safeguard with him to the grave."

Sorely puzzled, Mrs. Grafton had to leave her once in a while for a few minutes at a time to consult her husband, who could frequently be heard moving about the parlor or going quickly in and out of the house. It was plain that Grafon was troubled about something beles Randy, and at 11 o'clock the expla-Up to sundown Florence-Mrs. Mer- I Too late. Out to the stable the doctor

| riam-had not been seen or heard of at Jose's ranch.

One of the trailers, Rafferty by name, clared that Mignon's tracks turned suddenly to the northward and led away from the ranch and into the maze of foothills to the right of the cantonment trail. At sundown they had reached Jose's, atill hoping against hope that she would be there, but no sign of her had een seen, and, borrowing a fresh horse, Rafferty started back to Sedgwick at the gallop to carry the news. He met the doctor with Mrs. Havne only a short distance from Jose's, and they went on to the ranch hoping for better tidings, but bade him ride for Sedgwick with all speed. Rafferty could ride week in and week out if the horse could stand it, and

Jose's broncho was a used-up quadruped by the time they reached the Santa Clara. There he turned him into a ranchman's corral and borrowed another, never stopping to say "by your leave, gir." This was on the Queen's service in Rafferty's mind, and no man's property was sacred when "Miss Florence's" life was involved. Buxton was up and about when the courier came, and in ten minutes had reached the office and sent for Grafton. What he wished ever for turning away from the beaten track and taking to the unknown regions off the road and far to the northwest of the settlements? Grafton knew of none. There was indeed grave reason

why she should not.

For fifty miles northward the Santa Clara twined and twisted through a fairly fertile valley, once the herding ground of the Navajos, now wild and almost unsettled. Americans and Mexicans both had tried it as a stock range, away on the mantel in the now deserted but American cattle and American horses demanded a better quality of grass and more of it than would serve the stomach of the Indian pony. Treaty obligations sent the Navajos further into the mountains to the northwest-beyond the Mescalero-but there were restless roamers who were constantly off the reservation, sometimes on pass, but Puck. as the settlement, and then somebody's horses were sure to be missing, spirited away into the foothills, whither it was almost useless to follow. The Najavos said the Mexicans were the thieves, the Mexicans declared them to be the Navajos, and when both parties were caught and accused, with prompt unanimity

both announced that Apaches must again be raiding, and the name of Apache covered a multitude of sins. Time was when Victorio and Nana led the cavalry some glorious chases into the Mescalero, but both those redoubtables had met their fate, and agency officlais across the Arizona line were ready to swear that none of their once intractable followers ever thought of quitting corn and melon planting for the forbidden joys of the raid and the warpath. All the same the foothills and the valley far to the northwest of the settlements were full of mystery and danger-the roaming ground of the horse thief and the renegade, and Merriam's men, just in from their long chase, pointed out how the Mexican ruffians, though starting originally toward the

A Bible 248 years old was recently found in an ancient building in New Lon ion, Conn. southwest, had in long wide circuit gradually worked their way northward, as It was printed in Cambridge in 1648. though making for this very region. The In the last nine months 17,000,000 bushels leader of the gang that shot Brady and corn were shipped from New York, while Corcoran was a fellow by the name of 5,000,000 bushels were exported through New Ramon Valdez, and there was no deviltry too steep for him. The news, there-The smallest salary paid to the head of a rivilized government is f3 a year to the President of the Republic of Andora, in the fore, that Florence Merriam had not reached Jose's, but that her trail was lost somewhere among the buttes and bowlders four miles to the eastward of

to return without Mrs. Merriam or defi-

Mrs. Grafton let her husband go only

his support in the management of her

truculent patient. She had to leave the

latter while assisting him in his busy

preparations, and she was surprised and

rejoiced to see that on her return to her

Fanny had become far more calm and

resigned. The ladies in many house-

holds were still up and flitting about the

post, tearfully, forebodingly discussing

the situation, and several of them had

dropped in to speak a word with Mrs.

Grafton-Whittaker and Minturn being

ever on the alert to escort such parties-

and so it was long after 1-indeed, it was

nearly 2 o'clock-when at last, after a

final peep at her now placidly sleeping

Graffon finally sought her own pillow

Awakening with a start at the sound

of stirring music on the parade, she

found that is was after 8 and guard

news of Mrs. Merriam, for servants al-

ways know the garrison news before

their masters. Not a word had been re-

ceived. Presently she tiptoed to Fanny's

reem, softly turned the knoo, and noiselessly entered. There lay her guest still

plunged in deep slumber, but Annette

had disappeared, gone, probably, to the

kitchen for coffee. Far over at the east,

where the railway crossed the barren

mesa, a locomotive whistle broke the

silence of the desert with long, exultant

than usual, she ordered breakfast served.

and then went out on the piazza and

looked up the row toward the Merriams'.

The doctor was just coming out of the

gate, and Whittaker, who had spent the

night there on watch-all thought of

top step, apparently detaining the phy-

sician with some question. Eager for

news of Randy, Mrs. Grafton threw her

husband's cavalry cape over her shoul-

"Also sleeping," said Mrs. Grafton.

don't see how people can sleep so soundly at such times," whereat the doctor looked

All that morning people strained their

eyes and rubbed their binoculars and

couriers with news; but not until after-

noon were they rewarded. Then, cov-

ered with sweat and dust, a corporal of

Grafton's trop rode in. Dr. Gould and

Mrs. Hayne were still at Jose's, though

they feared they could be of no use there,

for not a sign of Florence had been

found. Grafton had sent couriers on to

order, were scouring the foothills long

days' marches away. Full half an hour

the ladies grouped at Buxton's, listening

to the soldiers' description of their

search, and then were strolling home-

ward when, over toward the west end

of the cavalry line, arose the sound of

An instant later, as the doctor, blanch-

ing, turned to hasten thither, a woman

dressed in deepest black came reeling

forth from the Merriams' doorway and

plunging wildly down the steps. Every

one knew her at a glance-it was Fanny

McLane, who stood there now swaying

at the gate as though gasping for

breath, while calling inarticulately for

aid. It was but a few seconds before

the doctor reached her. They saw him

accost her briefly, then go springing past

moment more and Mrs. Grafton, with

"What is the matter? What has hap-

And cowering, sobbing, shivering, she

nself. I-told him his wife was gone."

her up the steps and into the house. A

pened, Fanny? Why are you here?

commotion and distress.

other women, reached her.

searched the distant foothills to the

" and how is your patient?"

conscious but said nothing

with deep reluctance. He was very nec-

note news of her.

It is now a misdemeanor to throw upon any road in New York State glass, tacks that frontier refuge, struck dismay to r any sharp substance likely to injure the hearts of her friends at Sedgwick. The tidings went from lip to lip, from A New York statistician has, after carehouse to house, like wildfire, and by study and inquiry, reached the conclumidnight an entire troop had ridden sion that the consumption of wheat in this forth with their ever-ready three days' ountry is a little less than four bushe's rations, and with Capt. George Grafton

in command, and their orders were not A temperature of 4,000 to 5,000 degrees can e produced only between the carbon points of an electric are light. The next hottest place in the world is the crucible of an elecessary to her now. She felt the need of Glashier, the aeronaut has noticed that

the voice of a woman is audible in a balhat of a man has never reached higher than a mile. While the population of Britain has inreased 20 per cent. in the last twenty years, he expenditure has increased 68 per cent., greater part of which has been spent

When a Russian family moves from one to another it is customary to rake all the fire from the hearth of the old domicile and carry it in a closed pot to the The bridal vell of a Japanese young lady

sequently used as her shroud. Just after the marriage it is carefully put away and reserved until death makes its guest and leaving Annette curled up on the sofa by her mistress's bedside, Mrs. It has been discovered by two French scientists that most precious stones, such and slept long into the sunshine of the as the ruby, the sapphire, and the emerald, can readly be told from their imitations by

means of the Roentgen rays. Mr. Spurgeon preached at the Crystal Palace on Sunday, the 7th of October, 1857, in the presence of some 20,000 to 30,000 peop.e. this being the largest congregation on | building of breastworks, the skirmishing, at the time of the Indian mutiny. .It is well known that burns by heat differ

ery little in effect from burns by cold Precisely, or nearly precisely, the same chemical and physical changes can be produced in animal flesh by exposure to extreme old as by exposure to heat. Japanese, in order to celebrate their

recent victories, are going to erect a gigan-tic statue of Buddha. The height will be 12) feet. The metal will be supplied from the ordnance captured in the late war. The monument will cost about 1,000,000 yen, and s to be erected at Kloto. The Simplon is a pass over the Alps, celebrated for the military road built by Napoleon, which connects Geneva with Milan. t was an immense work, the road being forty-two miles long, thirty feet wide, and containing several long tunnels, 611 bridges and sixteen houses of refuge.

In Belgium you can obtain civil rights by five years' residence, but you cannot become a Belgian, with full electoral powers, unless you have rendered distinguished service to the country. The naturalization accorded rivalry forgotten-was standing on the is personal, but your son, on attaining his majority, may claim to be a Belgian.

Salt, from the remotest times, has been mblematic of eternity and immortality. Being, in itself, free from putrefaction, and freeing that which was "seasoned" with it from decay, it was, on that account, held that the spirits of the infernal regions dreaded and abhorred it, and even fled in horror of its very name.

A Paris advertising agent, who recently painted the front of his establishment a brilliant red, has been sued for damages by milliner, a jeweler and a sik merchant, having shops opposite, on the ground that the reflection of color makes it impossible for their customers to distinguish the colors of the goods they wish to buy. "Mizpah" is a biblical term whose eation is explained in Genesis xxxi. 49, in the following words: "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another." On account of the sentiment it is often selected as an offering to an autograph album, accompanied simply by the name of the writer. The almanaes of the middle ages were

onsecrated almost entirely to astrology and alchemy. The oldest printed almanac of which we have any knowledge is said to have appeared in Vienna in 1460. Fourteen ematician living in Hungary, published a series of almanacs from 1475 to 1506. Mrs. Mary Abair, of St. Ignace, Mich iled lately at the age of 108. Mrs. Abair. up to the time of her death, was probably the strongest and healtlest person of her o the ailments common among aged peoole, never had a headache, and was always able to attend to household duties. There are under the ocean, to almost every civilized part of the world no fewer than 1,167 submarine telegraph es, having a total length of 142,790 nautical miles, and representing a capital of nearly 40,000,000 pounds. To keep these cables in repair requires the exclusive serv-

A few years ago Captain Boycott, the owner of an estate in Ireland, incurred the ill-will of his neighbors, and they adopted severe measures to indicate their displeasure. Tradesmen would sell him nothing, nor would they have any other dealing with im, and workmen refused to enter his

ice of thirty-seven specially constructed and equipped telegraph steamers.

AN ABIDING LOVE.

There, wildly gesticulating and pointing to the open mesa, was Hop Ling. "He makee my saddle—he makee lide—he The woman who was a critical reader allee gone." be wailed, pointing to of magazines met her friend, the writer where, far to the west, a puff of dustof stories, in the little railroad station at cloud was swiftly vanishing down into Murdock, in southern Indiana. The (To be continued next Sunday.) writer had just arrived from Indianapolis; the other was waiting the north-HUMOR OF THE DAY. bound train.

chased, for bed and room were deserted.

An Opinion.

Young Doctor-Which do you consider t

oest-paying specialty? Old Doctor-People who only think the

Easily Adjusted.

The Size of It.

"I should think it would take all you could

Depth of Woe.

"Did George look anxious when he pro-

ride a wheel."

The Founder of the Family.

Choily Millions-Naw. I'm the first of me line-me fawther's in twade, ye know.

A Financier.

A Consideration.

Dr. Dosem-No, sir; I do not think the

ill exorbitant. Your wife's illness was well-

Mr. Hardtack-I know, doctor; but wasn't fatal. You should take that into co

Not Altogether a Disadvantage.

Mamma-I vos looking at some goods to

Papa-Vell, if dey do, eferybody vill say how fast little Ikey vos growin'.

A Fit Memorial.

"He disinherited all his relatives; yet they

"I did, and I'm not surprised at their

Promising Boy.

"Surely you don't mean to say, Tommy," aid the teacher, "that the letter 'j' has

"I should like to have you give me an ex-

"Well, it has a short sound in job and

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Scarlet fever kills yearly, on the average,

lifferent sound when it is a capital?"

"Yes'm," replied Tommy.

eeding ten years of age.

ut a costly monument over his grave.'

quvite cheap; but I t'ink ven dey' day vill shrink.

Chicago Tribune.

Gaggs-Gorkins lives by his wits.

Mrs. Fachons-Is your family an old or

the valley of the Santa Clara.

Dallas News.

pay for less."

Chicago Record.

Washington Times

"What have you come to this dull, lonely, forlorn place for? Not for literary material, surely? My grandmother lives here, and I have known the town all my life. Nothing romantic ever happened to any one here; there are no incidents, no tragedies, no characters "Say, loan me \$10 for about a week."
"Can't; haven't got but five."
"That'll do; lend me the five for two worth studying; the people simply vegetate."

"I never hunt for 'material' anywhere." replied the woman who wrote. "It comes to me-crowds itself on me. I have been make to pay for so much advertising."
"It would take more than I could make to sent for by an invalid cousin, and expect not to think of literary matters; but if I were searching for themes I have no

doubt I could find them, even here." "I am sure you could not. What, for instance"-here the speaker's voice was lowered-"what could you make out of that spiritless, meek, faded-out creature there? She is a resident here. I have seen her often; but she is so colorless l never had the curlosity to ask even her name. I am sure she never had a vivid emotion, never really lived in all her

"Perhaps not," laughed the writer; "but I believe she has a story. I will Baggs-I didn't know he was such an able find it out and tell it to you."

This is the story she told a month Baggs-To make a living on so small a

Martin Davis did not look much like a man with aesthetic sentiment in his soul afternoon in early April and drove his weather beaten, his hands rough and hard, his clothing cheap and coarse, his high boots, into which his jeans trousers were tucked, caked with mud. But he simple mourning garb; her mouth fixed was young and vigorous; his eyes were itself in a pathetic little droop; her brown bright and eager, and he felt himself a man to be envied; for had he not a wife waiting for him at the house-a bride of a few weeks? In the band of his rusty felt hat he had slipped a bunch of yellow

"I knew ve liked posies, Lizzle," he said as he handed them to her at the kitchen door; "and these are the first I've seen this season, 'thout it's the little white wind flowers that wilt while ye're pickin' 'em. These yellow things are 'way ahead of time. I've never found 'em before earlier than May; they're not common hereabouts anyhow; but I know of a spot down in the holler where they always flourish."

When she put them in a teacup and se them on the supper table he wondered vaguely why he had never known before that flowers made a room look so cheerful-almost as if the sun were shining, though that luminary had sunk behind the western hill. He did not know that if they'd drownded theirselves." the brightness was not of the flowers, but was the light of love reflected from

his heart and hers. It was but a brief time that his happi ness lasted. That was the spring of '61, and the country was even then calling upon her loyal sons. Martin Davis turned his horses into the pasture, left his crops for others to harvest and went unhesitatingly to answer the call. the heroism of the myriads who thus went out from home, and peace, and love to the battlefield in those dreadful years. What if they did not know that the ninety days would lengthen until no man could name the end, and that the slain would be like the leaves of the forest for numbers. What if they did go simply from a matter-of-fact sense of duty and with little feeling of risk and danger or because the riotous spirit of youth yearned for adventure. The fact remains—the tremendous, immutable fact-that they went by hundreds, by thousands, by tens and hundreds thousands, and that they offered their lives. Greater love than this hath no man; and yet we, in this frivolous later day, which knows no war-we dare sometimes speak lightly of those men and their sacrifices.

It was a monotonous and a hard life for the most part, that of a private soldier in the war for the Union. Its story has been told in fragments at home fire sides and by camp fires, but never in literature as a whole for the world to know. Perhaps it never will be. The veterans tell of battles and of victories and of stirring events; but they do not, as a class, care to dwell upon their hardships and sufferings. The experience cut deep, and the scars are even yet too near

the surface to touch upon. Martin Davis's life was not differen from the rest. There was the drill and the camp life, the picket duty, the marching, the digging of trenches and enemy-all this for slow and weary

months, and at last a great battle. Lizzie, the young wife at home, waited from week to week and month to month, show of patience and composure they could muster-a proof of courage and patriotism not less than that of going to war. The soldiers' story may some time be told; but where is the historian who shall describe the agony of the women's waiting hearts, the suffering of uncertainty and suspense? Who shall comprehend the anguish of their tears? Who understand that the strain of constant dread of evil news from husband and brother and lover was greater than that felt by the soldier before the enemy's guns-that it left unhealed scars which aged them before their time?

Lizzie Martin fared like the other women-hoping and praying, living upon the letters that came at irregular intervals, going about her tasks by day, with heavy heart, and enduring long nights with their visions of war and woe. In the little town, from which the flower of the young men had already gone, existence was not gay at the best of times. and was now more monotonous than ever to the women, whose part was to wait There were few things to distract their minds from their own anxieties; they were not the "new" women, with many and diverse activities, and so they sat at home and thought of what might be. Mrs. Davis did not love her husband more than the other lonely women cared for theirs, perhaps; but without him she was quite alone in the world, and it was natural that no event of the war was important in which he had no place. That brawny private, that long-limbed, awkward farmer boy was all the world to No future opened to her vision which he did not share. She was a commonulace little creature, narrow thought and limited in capacity, but other and greater women have found it

all of life to love one man. Letters came to her from Tennessee now. Martin wrote that it looked as if some fighting would be done very soon that would scatter the rebels and end the war. Then came the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, and he wrote with still thought the same then. After that there | forlorn. was marching across country, transportation by boat up the Tennessee, more marching, with rain and mud and cold as features of the travel-all this described in fragmentary scrawls. One of them, dated April 5 and written on scrap of paper while he stood in the rain with his company awaiting orders, said there would be fighting soon, and added: "Here's a yellow violent; just found it under a bank. Season's early down here. We're going to beat the rebs out of their

boots. Good-bye." This note, and then-silence. There had been a battle; it was Shiloh-Shiloh. On its gory field when the 7 of April dawned the dead lay by tho

Shiloh! the waiting hearts that broke when your victory was won! Private Davis, of Company D, was numbered among the dead. A comrade wrote to Lizzie, telling her that Martin had died like a hero. A part of his regiment had faced about and retreated, broken in a panic before the Confederates' furious onslaught; but he had remained, had seized the flag from the hand of the fleeing color bearer and gone on triumphantly to meet the coming foe. In the thick of the fight he was seen to fall, "and," said the writer, with no art at softening cruel truth, "he was buried

in a trench.

absent and likely to return at any hour. She accepted the situation dumbly, uncomplainingly. She had no longer a keen interest in life, and was without the grief and force herself to accept new interests. She was simply an every-day woman who had loved her husband and continued to love and to think of him day and night, though he was dead. She sold her farm to a rich neighbor, who took advantage of her ignorance to pay her but half its value, and she was deprived of a large share of the proceeds by a sharper to whom she intrusted them for investment. Then she settled down in the little town and became a neighborhood drudge. She sewed, nursed the sick, took care of the new babies, and was at the beck and call of any housewife who needed her in domestic emergencies. The years went on with little variety. The war ended and affairs settled into new grooves. A flood of prosperity swept over the country and affected even this quiet town, but made little difference in Mrs. Davis's plodding. uneventful existence. No one pitied her especially for her lonely and hard-working life. She was spoken of as "the widow Davis;" but she was only one among many widows the war had created, and as she made no ado over her woes no one else thought to do it for the boys who died here were buried in a as he left his plow in the furrow that her. They had their own troubles to think of. They did say along at first over that away?) she reckoned she'd that she didn't take Mart's death very tired horses up the lane. His face was hard. She "didn't make no fuss," they said, and they "'lowed" she was "ruther shaller." Afterward they virtually forgot him, and assumed that she had done the same. But she never put off her hair faded early. And she would not marry again. Ten years after Shiloh, John Holt, a thrifty widower, attracted

> her as a stepmother for his children. "No, Mr. Holt," she said, "I cain't be your wife. Martin Davis is dead and buried: but I cain't make him seem dead. nohow: I never have, an' I don't reckon I ever can. I feel as if he was gone jest on a trip; an' I dream of him o' nights, an' am always glad when night comes because them dreams come, too. I'll go along by myself till the time comes for me to go and meet Martin-but it's long,

by her quiet, industrious ways, sought

And then, her self-repression overcome by the sudden compassion in the man's eyes, she bowed her head upon the table and sobbed and wept in the utter abandonment of a grief which knows no pre-

John Holt went away thoughtful, and was afterward heard to say it was a "sing lar dispensation o' Providence that took a man away from a wife like that an' let other men live whose wives wouldn't a-mourned for them over night

More years went, until one day Mrs Davis heard of an excursion that filled her patient soul with longing. This was a trip by boat to Shiloh battle ground She had never been further from home than to Cincinnati, fifty miles away, where she had gone once when a girl; but she determined to make the journey. It was a great undertaking, and she got ready for it with an excitement such as had not stirred her for years. She never thought of the South but as the rebels country; and, though she knew there were no rebels now, there was down in her heart a dull hatred of all Southerners, because but for them there would have been no war-but for a certain one of them who had fired a fatal shot she would not have been left in loneliness all

Men and women of the world who, through contact with people of many localities, have gained the ability to judge their fellow-beings dispassionately find it difficult to comprehend the limitations of one who has but a single point of view. Lizzie Davis had but one great interest in life, and had never been able to consider the outside world in any other than its

relation to herself. The trip down the Ohio river, though novel, aroused no emotion; once on the Tennessee she began to brighten. Martin had made this journey not long before his death. The war, now so far past, was brought close to her. The battle seemed but a little while back. On the wooded bluffs she could almost see rebel skirmishers in hiding. Her meek, feminine soul, which had never before directed a cruel thought toward any individual, suddenly throbbed with fierce resentment; the slow, easy-going natives who strolled down to the landings and leisurely carried their freight up the bank in primitive fashion secmed to her to represent a bloodthirsty, murderous people; she eyed them malevolently.

down by her side on the deck. He was a middle-aged man of slow, soft speech and | ried to far-off lands, whence he would gentle manner-as far removed from the typical bluff, gruff, profane, aggressive river man of literature as possible. He had already won Mrs. Davis's confidence by his deferential courtesy and attentions, to which she was a stranger at home. There no one was unkind, but certainly no one was noticeably considerate of the comfort of women, especially those of no particular importance. He narrated to her bits of history about the places along the river, with every foot of which he was familiar, and told anecdotes of the people, half of whom he seemed to know by their Christian | Martin slept beneath that stone. It was

"How can you speak so kindly of them, an' you a soldier, too?" she broke out at last. "Rebels I reckon they were, most of 'em, an' killed our men, an' would do t again if they had a chance." He turned to her slowly and without a sign of surprise; she was not a new type

"Madam, these people along heah were mostly Union sympathizers during the wah. I was a soldier in the Confedenat

It was a shock. Ex-rebels had found their way to her little village since the war, but a good many sons had gone out from there to fight for the Union, and never to return; and those wanderers from the South were not made welcome, but had mostly drifted on to regions elsewhere in Indiana, where were friends and sympathizers. She had never much as talked with one before.

Then he told her, in a quiet, reminiscent way some stories of his youth and his far Southern home; of how the South was then all the country he knew and the North a far-off, cold region, whose people cared only to buy and sell and to subjugate and rob the South; of how the war broke out and one by one his neighbors joined the army, then his brothers and then himself, a boy of sixteen-all filled with fierce patriotism and the blind belief that they were fighting for the right; of how his brothers had been at last the conflict was over, to find that home dismantled, the mother who had been its center forever gone, and he, yet to close. Men better informed than he a boy in years, lonely, disheartened and

It was a revelation to the woman of few ideas that rebels-rebels!-were creatures with loves and sorrows like her

And they went on up the shining river, and a Mittle of the peace and beauty of it the fields and forests were in freshest water maples and the glossy oaks that crowded the river bank were fringed with undergrowth and their trunks lost in a tangle of honeysuckles, grape vines and ivy. It was primitive wilderness such as the Indian must have looked on

Then came Fort Henry. 'The boat,

ever a would-be traveler waved a nand-kerchief, obligingly made fast while pas-sengers climbed the hill and wandered over the old earthworks that made the walls of that famous fort. In the glamour of the moonlight and the softness of the shadows could almost be seen the soldiers who had once crowded the place; but trees had grown up within the walls since that day, and the soldiers -where were they?

Then Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh, and the woman from the little Indiana town had reached her Mecca. They wandered over the battlefield, those tourists; they saw it almost as it | sale price, \$1.5. looked on the fatal Sunday so long ago, To the widow a realizing sense of the only to-day the sun shone, and then the death did not come. It is often so when very heavens had wept at the sight bethose absent from home are taken; to low. They saw the place where the fight their families they seem still temporarily was flercest and most furious-the "Hornet's Nest," where Union men and slaughter was so great that the dead lay in heaps. They saw the pool whose margin had been red with the blood of strength of character to rise above her in heaps. They saw the pool whose margin had been red with the blood of wounded men who had dragged themselves there to quench their raging thirst.

To-day cattle drank from it undisturbed. There were houses here and there-primitive structures, hardly more than cabins. Mrs. Davis stopped at the door of one to ask for water. An old woman to sell them at 29c a pair. came out, a woman with a scant calico frame, regular, \$1 umbrella; to-mor gown and clumsy shoes, and eyes blurred perhaps with age, possibly with tears, but kindly still. She grew garrulous in response to a timid question. "Yes, she had lived hereabouts evah since befo' the wah. She an' her ole man was Union, but their six hove couldn't noways agree. but their six boys couldn't noways agree, an' three j'ined the Union ahmy an' OExtraordinary three the Confederate. And yes-yes, it's all done ended long ago; but some days the time seems yistiddy, an' it all comes back. Her ole man couldn't keep out noways when the boys was gone, an' he j'ined, too, when General Sherman come along. An'-yes, the boys was all killed; three at Donaldson, two here at Shiloh Church an' one at Chattanooga. Their pap didn't live long after; sort o' broke down like. An' if it wasn't that Confederate trench (do you see the ridge disremembah which was Union an' which wasn't. Such things doan' seem to make no difference nohow, when they alls is gone to rest twel jedgment day."
The woman who had lost one and the

woman who had lost seven looked in each other's eyes and knew the kinship of grief; and somehow the visitor from the North felt no longer a personal resentment for her loss. Though it might have been a son of this woman who shot her Martin, he had thought he was right and meant no evil.

Then she entered the gates of the national cemetery, where the Union dead are laid in long lines, with a granite block marking each resting place. The captain of the boat joined her at the gate, and as he passed in he plucked a sprig of cedar. The sun shining through the branches of the great forest trees flecked the grass upon the graves; a soft May breeze scattered the leaves of the early blooming roses. Down between the rows of stones they walked, and the captain, pausing at one bearing the number 1,607, lifted his hat reverently and laid the bit of cedar upon it.

"I put a little posy there every time I come," said he gently. "I reckoned that maybe the wife or mother of the boy lying there might like it." The man lying there might be her Martin thought the little widow; and from that moment her heart ceased to cherish animosity toward any man who had fought on the other side.

She stood on the bluff and looked down on the sparkling, glinting river. The panorama of water and sky and hill stretching for miles before her was a vision fair to see. The flag of her country floated from the great staff above her; the only sound was the singing of the birds, and the peace of God was over all.

More years went by and the widow

Davis plodded patiently through them, getting a little more weary as they passed and finding the burden of lonellness none the easier to bear as age crept on. That visit to Shiloh had taught her some things, toleration among the rest but it had also taken away one thing fort to her. Until that time she had pictured to herself the return of her husband. She was a woman with but scant imaginative power; but where even the dullest mind dwells much upon one subject it weaves about it a network of fancy far different from reality. She had not seen her husband dead; a battle was a vague thing to her; he had simply gone away and had not come back. Perhaps he had been wounded, had lost a leg of an arm, and a prisoner in rebel hands was long in recovering. Then, perhapshere her fancy took a wild leap-perhaps he was told by some one that she was dead, or that she, thinking him dead, had married again, though she didn't quite see how he could believe she could marry another man. But such things had happened-she had read of them; and supposing he had believed it, he would wander away and never care to revisit his old home until at last he somehow learned the truth and hastened to her with joy. Or, it might be that he hadescaped from his rebel prison, had reached the seacoast, had crept on board some day return. Vain imaginings; but lonely women

dream strange things while they go half mechanically about their monotonous daily tasks. Even the happiness of hapby women is half in this unreal inner life After this visit to Shiloh these comfortin Lizzie's mind. It was all real now, the battle and the slaughter, and she had seen the graves where the soldiers lay; her thoughts centered about "1,607, where the captain's tribute rested, and she felt more and more convinced that nearly thirty years, a lifetime, since he went, and he would come to her now only after heaven's gate had opened to let her in. She had mourned her lost love for thirty years. She, a little, commonplace woman, of whom no one would have thought as a heroine of romance. She would not have known what the term "grand passion" meant; she had been simply faithful to a memory in a oulet, undemonstrative way; her life had been bound up in a sentiment, that was

One day in April-it was the thirtieth cottage, no neighbor needing her services as nurse or seamstress. It had been an early spring, and she went out in the garden to look at the signs of life among her few cherished flowers. In a sunny corner wild violets grew and had pushed green leaves above the mold, but no buds were yet in sight.

"I remember," she said, speaking to a neighbor who had paused in passing-"I remember seeing violet flowers as early She was thinking of those stuck in the

band of Martin's hat that day so long

ago when he came from the field, and as

she spoke she looked down the village

street, wondering at the unusual boisterousness of the school children. They followed after and jeered at a man wh came slowly and hesitatingly along, as if uncertain of his way. His clothing was shambling. On his head was a military cap, such as some old soldiers still insist upon wearing, and on its side was something like a decoration on a woman's bonnet. It was this that made the children jeer. Mrs. Davis put her hand over her eyes and looked at it intently. Hardly knowing what she did, she went out upon the walk and down the street to meet him. When she came closer she saw that the decoration was a bunch of entered into her soul. It was May, and | yellow violets. She stopped before the man and looked at him. She had never array. The gray green willows, the rank | thought of her husband as other than erect, and strong, and young; this man was feeble, and dim-eyed, and old, butshe knew him.

"Martin!" she said-"Martin!" and reached out her hands, forgetful of watching neighbors and wondering chilnething like a miracle happened in

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SEALS, OTENCILS, STAMPS.

her as a garment; the flush in her chee the love light in her eyes trans "Lizzie!" said the man, the dull, dazed

expression clearing from his face-"Lizzie," and he fumbled at his cap, "Ithought ye'd like some posies, an' came round by the holler an' got them." She took him by the hand and led him into the house, her face still illumined. The woman who wrote stories and the other who read them met again on the

street of Murdock. Toward them came Lizzie Davis. She was the woman who had been at the station weeks before; but she was like one born again. Her hair was faded, it is true; her complexion gray, her dress old-fashioned and rusty; out her eyes were bright, her bearing erect and proud, her face smiling. She Shiloh anniversary-she was at her little | stopped a moment to speak to the woman

"Jest think, Miss," she said; "Martin lived over in Jonesboro, jest beyond the Ohio line, and not fifty miles from here for twenty years. I've jest seen a from there. Where he had been be that time the Lord knows. The says that they all knowed was the matter with his head. Se to do his work well on the farm, bu every now an' then he'd get uneasy an talk an' talk about some place he'd ough to go if he could only just think of the name; an' when he heard any one call 'Lizzie' he always got worried and fidgety. Come spring, too, every he'd pick flowers an' wear 'em in his hat. Then at last one day his recollection seemed to come to him sudden, and he up an' started off, the man said, acting like a crazy lunatic. He found his way here, an' he's getting to be more like himself every day, an' it almost seem as if he'd never been away."

A glow was on her cheek like the blush of a bride; the thirty years of loneliness were as naught; the children that might have been hers, the happiness and pe she had missed were forgotten. The mother heart in her went out to broken-down man and was satisfied. He came shuffling down the walk. "See how well he looks," she said, a she hastened toward him with a face through which love shone as it must

shine on the faces of the angels in heaven. "You were wrong, you see," softly said the woman who wrote, to her friend 'you were wrong when you do there was no romance here; that the le merely vegetated. That we

"Yes," said the other, "she has loved. sands—the blue and the gray. Oh, which stopped accommodatingly where- that moment. The are fell away from -Anna Nicholas, in New York Independent